

The Mirror

ON

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 772.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.

NORWICH.



VIEW FROM THE WEST WINDOW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

This print shows a vignette of a few of the antiquities of the city of Norwich, distinguished at an early period for its numerous monastic structures. These interesting specimens of ancient architecture occupy a portion of the precinct, and have been sketched from the great western window of the Cathedral,* in itself a noble monument of the piety and skill of past ages.

Foremost in the view is St. John's Chapel, now appropriated as the Free School. It was erected by Bishop Salmon, who died in 1325; the doorway and porch having been added by Bishop Lyhart, about 1540.

But the object in the Cut best entitled to admiration is the Erpingham Gate-house; though here we necessarily see but the inner or least embellished side. The outer or western front presents, indeed, an original and unique specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of England: and Mr. Britton observes, "considering the state of society when it was raised, and the situation chosen, we are doubly surprised; firstly, at the richness and decoration of the exterior face, and

secondly, in beholding it so perfect and un-mutilated after a lapse of four centuries. The archivolt mouldings, spandrels, and two demi-octangular buttresses, are covered with a profusion of ornamental sculpture; among which are thirty-eight small statues of men and women, various shields of arms, trees, birds, pedestals, and canopies: most of these are very perfect, and some of the figures are rather elegant. The shields are charged with the arms of Erpingham, Walton, and Clopton; the two latter being the names of two wives of Sir Thomas Erpingham. In the spandrels are shields containing emblems of the crucifixion, the trinity, the passion, &c., whilst each other buttress is crowned with a sitting statue; one said to represent a secular and the other a regular priest. In a canopied niche in the pediment, which is plain, and composed of flint, is a kneeling statue, supposed to represent Sir Thomas.†

† The name of this distinguished knight does not appear in the popular histories of England. To his prowess and fame, the French chroniclers have done ample justice. The brilliancy, and almost the fate, of the battle of Agincourt, is ascribed by Monstrelet and Froissart to the ability of Sir Thomas Erpingham, in his admirable disposition of the archers, supported by the men at arms.

* Engraved and described in the Mirror, vol. xxiiii, p. 289.

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About halfway up the gable on the parapet, are two pedestals, with parts of figures emblematic of two of the evangelists, and two others were formerly higher up.

"The origin and decoration of this curious Gate-house, serve to exemplify the history of the age when it was raised. The reforming principles of Wiclif had made a strong impression on the mind of Sir Thomas Erpingham, and he appears to have exerted himself in disseminating them in Norfolk. This conduct naturally excited the opposition and enmity of the bishop and the monks; who, being more powerful than the knight, had him arrested and committed to prison, and afterwards enjoined him to build the present Gate-house, both as an atonement for his heresy, and as a public memorial of contrition in the reformer, and power and dominion of the priesthood. Sir Thomas was subsequently reconciled to the bishop by the commands of the king, (Henry IV.,) who, in a parliament held February 9, 1400, declared that the proceedings of the knight against the bishop were good, and originated in great zeal; and, as the latter was of royal lineage, the king directed them to 'shake hands and kiss each other in token of friendship, which they did; and it afterwards proved real, Sir Thomas becoming a great benefactor to the cathedral, and a firm friend to the bishop as long as he lived.'**

* Blomefield's Hist. of Norwich, i. 54, from Pryne's Abridgment of Records, fol. 405; quoted in Britton's valuable History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Norwich, whence the substance of the above details is extracted.

manners and Customs.

GOOD FRIDAY.

It was formerly the custom in London, on Good Friday, to erect a building to represent the Holy Sepulchre, in which was placed the Host; and persons were stationed to watch it, on that and the following night.

In the province of Connaught, in Ireland, it is a common practice, on Good Friday, for the Catholic inhabitants to prevent their children from having any sustenance, from twelve the previous night; and the parents will only take a small piece of dry bread and a draught of water during the day. It is common to see along the roads between the different market towns, a number of women with their hair dishevelled, barefooted, and in their worst garments.

The following description of the religious ceremonies at Rome, on Good Friday, is given by John Evelyn, in his *Diary*:—"At St. Peter's, the handkerchief, lance, and cross, were all exposed and worshipped together. All the seats of confession were filled with people; and at night was a pro-

cession of several who had whipped themselves till the blood stained their clothes; at every three or four steps, they dashed the knotted whip-cord over their shoulders with all their force, whilst some sang in a dismal tone, thus making a heathenish and ungodly pomp." W. G. C.

EASTER.

EXACTLY at noon, (says a recent writer,) all the bells in the city of Corfu, burst out in one peal; at the same moment, the bishop said, "Our Lord is risen;" and crash went the broken pots and pans out of all the windows in the narrow, dirty streets, while the old women exclaimed, "Avant fleas, bugs, and all vermin. Make way for the Lord of all to enter." The people eat nothing but vegetables for forty days. At the door of every house was to be seen the master with his white apron, and a knife in his hand, with which he cut the throat of a lamb, and, before its life was quite extinct, he dipped a lock of wool in the blood, and marked a cross on the lintel of the doorway.

At Whitchurch, near Cardiff, Glamorganshire, about forty years ago, and for time immemorial previous to that period, (says a late writer,) it was usual that every married woman, who had never been blessed with issue, should repair to the churchyard on Easter-Monday, being first provided with two dozen tennis-balls, one dozen of which were covered with white, and the other dozen with black, leather; these were cast by the fair votaress over the church, from the background, and scrambled for by the populace, who assembled for that purpose in front of the edifice. So imperative was this custom, that neither rank nor age were excused, until they were relieved by the birth of a child, from its annual performance.—W.G.C.

ANCIENT SEPTENNIAL CEREMONY.

In 1834, a large assembly congregated for the purpose of witnessing the renewing of the Horse Shoe, at the Horse Shoe Corner, Lancaster; when the old shoe was taken up, and a new one put down, with "1834" engraved on it. Those who assembled to witness the ceremony were entertained with some nut-brown ale, &c. Afterwards, they had a merry chancing, and then retired. In the evening, they were again entertained with a good, substantial supper. This custom is supposed to have originated at the time John O'Gaunt came into the town upon a noble charger, which lost its shoe at this place. The shoe was taken up and fixed in the middle of the street, and has ever since been replaced with a new one every seventh year, at the expense of the townsmen, who reside near the place.—*Preston Pilot*.

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PASSION-WEEK IN BOGOTÁ.

An entertaining and observant writer upon Spanish America, describes, in a recent work, various processions which perambulate Bogotá during Passion-week, chiefly consisting of representations by living masquers, and images as large as life, carried about the streets on platforms, of our Blessed Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, &c.

Amidst these devices and pageants, "the scene of the Last Supper, one of the largest and most splendid, is the property of the Franciscans. There is a long table on the platform, covered with silver plates and other vessels, of the same metal, and spread with a profusion of the finest real fruits that can be procured. The table is surrounded by images of our Saviour and the twelve apostles, seated in different attitudes, and in the costume in which they are generally painted. The weight of this *Anda* obliges the bearers to make frequent halts; and it is customary on these occasions, for females, who really have, or pretend, a longing for some of the fruit at the tables, to apply for it, with a certainty of not being refused.

"The angels, personated in some of the groups, are generally young children, whose mothers make great interest to have them elevated to this distinction, which is often an honour to boast of during the remainder of their lives. The torch-bearers, called *los Judeos*, who are regarded with superstitious dread by all the children and by many of the full-grown mob, are all young men of family, who disguise themselves for the amusement of masquerading. They wear long, black *sayas*, and hideous masks, with high, pointed caps, or *corrozos*, resembling those worn by the victims of the Inquisition, at an *auto da Fé*. Their torches not only serve to illuminate the street, but are also used to make room for the procession."

CHILIAN SWORD-DANCERS.

At the festival of Corpus Christi, (says the same writer,) there is a procession in every town throughout Chili, apparently of very remote origin. It is formed by a set of men called *Catimbados*, who dress in a very fantastic kind of masquerade. Some of them represent Indians in the ancient costume; others are attired in imitation of the Catalans, in tight, white breeches, and silk stockings; fine, white shirts, with very wide sleeves, which are covered with bunches of ribbons, and lofty, pasteboard caps, which are adorned with a profusion of ribbons, necklaces, and pieces of looking-glass. These men go from house to house, and to all the public places, attended by music, to which they perform a graceful, complicated dance, with bright swords in their hands.

They are headed by one who represents their alcalde, and bears a gold-headed staff as one of the insignia of his office. A kind of buffoon also accompanies them, dressed in the guise of a fiend, with horns and tail. He is called *El Matagallinas*, and carries a long whip to clear the way for the dancers, of which he is by no means sparing on the mob, who are obliged, nevertheless, to take his blows in good part. The *Catimbados* are all handsome-looking, young Creoles, having their faces rouged, and each carrying in his hand a perfumed, white handkerchief.

POLISH TURNSPITS.

BEARS are very common in Poland; the peasants catch them when quite young, and teach them to perform all sorts of domestic labours. These animals, possessing great intelligence, and dexterity, particularly with their fore-paws, many innkeepers have bears, who adroitly turn the spits for roasting meat. It is an extraordinary sight to a stranger, who enters one of the Polish kitchens, to see a bear seated gravely on his hind-legs, and turning with his fore, an immense spit, by means of a handle artistically constructed.—*Le Caméléon.*

MAKING TEA IN CASHMERE.

TEA comes to Cashmere by caravans across Chinese Tartary and Tibet; but it is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking, with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste. All this produces a turbid, reddish liquid of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable according to others. In Kanawer, it is made in another way: after the tea has been boiled for an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and minced goat's flesh. This makes a detestable ragout; they call it tea.—*Jacquemont's Journey in India.*

COACHMAN.

THIS term, so reputably in England, is an affronting title in America, where "driver" is considered by far the "genteler" expression.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.*

10.—*Swainson's Geography and Classification of Animals.*

To those who study zoology as a science this will be found a very useful book of re-

* Continued from page 166.

ference for information on the geographic distribution of animals, their generic and specific distinctions, and the various systems which have been proposed for their classification; while to the mere lover or amateur of zoology, the perusal of it may afford, though it has many dry pages, both amusement and instruction. We are sorry to perceive that the author has here repeated some of the errors which we exposed in his former volume. Thus he calls scorpions *insects*, and the night-jar by that objectionable and misleading name *goatsucker*, (pp. 88, 97, 98.) Here he again tells us, that in the peacock the tail is most conspicuous, for its size, singularity, and beautiful colours, (p. 258.) This is the third time of Mr. Swainson's calling the train the tail.—(Vide *Mirror*, present volume, p. 164.)

An Admirer of the Works of Nature.—Reader, there is one conclusion at which we have arrived, after some years of close study of natural history, in which we think you will agree with us:—there is no single standard of beauty for all the works of nature. Man may be the “noblest work of God,” but he certainly is not a more beautiful, or a more elegant, work than any other; then how unphilosophical, how absurd, it is to regulate the degrees of our admiration of the works of nature according to a comparison of these with him. Every thing is beautiful in its kind, and elegant accordingly as its several parts are adapted for the performances of those duties originally assigned to them. Mr. Swainson has a very different opinion; for, thrice he calls apes and baboons “disgusting” creatures, (pp. 48, 77, 79.) and the Sicilian scorpion is “disgusting,” while the Surinam toad is both “disgusting and hideous,” (pp. 38, 83.) We can imagine what those among his readers as may not, even, be more fastidious than himself, will think of him, when they read his admission that he ate a dish of “large lizards,” and which he extols as “delicious” food! We, however, see nothing disgusting in either a baboon, a toad, a scorpion, a lizard, or any animal whatever.

Systems., (p. 133.)—Mr. Swainson observes that every year increases the number of systems; and in ornithology alone he could enumerate nearly twenty-eight. We may say with Prior:—

“These different systems, old and new,

“A man with half an eye may see,

“Were only formed to disagree.”—*Aina*, canto i.

Butterflies, (p. 218.)—Many species of moths are nocturnal fliers, but we never heard of any species of butterfly, in any part of the world, being so. But Mr. Swainson speaks of “diurnal butterflies,” and so does Sir William Jardine, in the advertisement of a volume of his *Naturalist's Library*, and may be he does also in the volume, which we have not read. To speak of “diurnal butterflies,”

of course, implies that some species are nocturnal; but will they inform us which they?

Insects, (p. 246.)—Mr. Swainson asserts that “among insects, no other power is possessed but that of causing annoyance or temporary pain.”

We could mention several insects which are exceptions to this remark; but one is particularly worthy of mention, and that is the little beetle called the lady-bird, from which we receive not the least annoyance or pain, as it feeds, both in the larva and imago state, entirely on the aphides or plant-lice.

Whale.—Mr. Swainson says of the whale, that “although a quadruped, it is apodal, or without feet.”

This is too good to be omitted in the next edition of Miss Edgeworth's *Irish Bell*. For the whale to be called a quadruped is strange; but to be called a quadruped without feet, is passing strange!

Asiatic Lion, (p. 284.)—Some time since, the Surrey Zoological Gardens received a lion from Asia, which being a new species must, of course, have a new name, whether it wished it or not. A day was accordingly fixed for the christening, which, instead of taking place at *Leo-minster*, the fittest place, was performed in the feline apartment; said to be built by *Cub-itt*. The proprietor, who was now by no means *cross*, first projected having the christening performed by the *Praying Mantis*, (the Bishop of Down); but the Bishop of *Lyons* was sent for, and he came and christened the animal *Leo Asiaticus*, a name suggested by Mr. Swainson, who ought to be knighted, for selecting one so very appropriate; for none but a naturalist of the greatest acuteness would ever have thought of calling a lion brought from Asia, *Leo Asiaticus*. We would mention how the lion roared when the water was sprinkled in his face, &c.; but we must pass over all that to notice something of greater consequence. It appears that the description and scientific name of this lion were communicated from the Gardens to Sir William Jardine, with whom Mr. Swainson shows he is rather angry for having, in his work on the *Feline*, made “no allusion to the previous examination and name” he (Mr. S.) had given it.

J. H. F.

Retrospective Gleanings.

INJURY.

OWN FELTHAM says:—Injury is properly the willing doing of injustice to him that is unwilling to receive it; and it is attained as well by charging falsely, as detracting unduly. He that accuses me of the ill I did not, and he that allows me not the good I have done; he who puts stolen goods upon

the, and steals away what is truly mine, hath very little heraldry to distinguish the wrong he does. Certainly, all the mischief in the world proceeds either in the actions, or the apprehending of wrong, from men originally unjust, or ignorantly suspicious. Were right and justice preserved in exactness, earth would be a heaven to live in, and the life of man would be joy and happiness: felicity would dwell with men, which now, like *Astroa*, is fled from the region of earth. How many attendances, how many journeys, how much treasure might be saved! No crowded throng need fill our law tribunals, nor armed troops ungraze our fruitful fields. Every injury is a petty war, and a breach, at least, of two of the commandments, killing and stealing. And though, perhaps, it may seem to prosper a little while, till the wheel of Providence has gone its round; yet, doubtless, it is short-lived, and drags with it an infection that taints the spirits, and confounds the senses. It is one of the peculiar attributes of God, that he is an avenger of wrong. There are but two parts of a Christian's life: to abstain from doing wrong, and to endeavour to do good. And though the first, in a bad world, be a good progress in a Christian's voyage to heaven; yet it is, in truth, but a dead and torpid virtue—a negative piety that, indeed, reaches not to the civility of neighbourhood. Though we are commanded to be inoffensive; yet that is not all we are commanded unto. Things senseless and inanimate forbear the doing injury; but the activeness in good is that which promotes to felicity. Eschew evil and do good, is but one conjunctive precept. He is but the lesser part of his way, that forbears the doing injury; yet, even this is a mystery, that but very few attain unto: either we must misapprehend it, or blinded with the belief of our own perfections, we slide over this, and yet pretend to be pious. But I can never think him good, that is but temporally good to himself. How can he have a good conscience, either towards God, or towards man, that either fraudulently or violently takes away what is the just property of another, I am yet to understand. Man, by all the laws of creation, polity, and religion, is tied up, with his own fair industry, to live on what is justly his; and then he hath a promise of a blessing with it. On Domitius, the tribune, summoned Prince *Seaurus* before the tribunal of the people. *Seaurus'* servant, hearing of it, repaired to Domitius, and informed him that, if he wanted matter, he could furnish him sufficient for the condemnation of his lord: for which the noble tribune well rewarded him; but it was by cropping off his ears, sealing up his lips, and sending him to his lord. Religion from above is pure and peaceable: but wrong is the fuel of war; and, by doing

which, we help our adversary, and fight against ourselves: nor may we do it, that good may come of it; justice needs not injury to help it to a victory: though, in the way of hostility, the practice is far more common than commendable; yet, by just and gallant persons, it hath ever been disdained and abhorred. Themistocles advised to fire the Spartan navy privately, as it lay in the harbour: Aristides did confess it profitable; but, because he could not be satisfied that it was just or honourable, the project was decried, and Themistocles enjoined to desist. And when Alphonsum was offered by some, that they would entrap and cut off his enemy, the Duke of Anjou, he declared to all, that the war he undertook, consisted not of fraud and treachery, but of virtue, of valour, and of noble fortitude. He that can allow himself to do injury, makes his favours to be suspected as snares. He is much distanced from doing good, that is not principled to forbear a wrong. He is next to charity, that abstains from injury; but he is at the threshold of oppression, that can dispense with it. Let no man think he can purchase favour with either God or man, by the formality or exterior of religion, if he lets himself loose unto injury. One unjust and unworthy action hurts not alone the man that does it; but it transfers the scandal to the religion he professes, which, for his sake, groans and grows suspected, if not condemned. Of the two, my opinion is with Socrates, that it is better to suffer wrong, than do it.

W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

(Abridged from *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

NICHOLAS KLAUER was a rich burgher of Ingolstadt, fond of good eating and drinking, and with but one drawback on his felicity, namely, a lean, scolding wife, who was, no doubt, consigned to him by Providence, to teach him that unalloyed happiness is not the lot of mortality. Like the Lord Hamlet, Nicholas was "somewhat fat and pursy," with a round, rosy, good-humoured expression of countenance, and a bald, polished skull, which, in the summer season, afforded a halting place to many a vagrant, unceremonious blue-bottle.

Of course, being rich, our worthy burgher had a high opinion of his own importance, and equally, as a matter of course, possessed, in the estimation of his friends, the best of hearts.

It was one of those foggy evenings towards the close of autumn, when horses are apt to poke their noses into shop windows, and pedestrians pressed for time to find that they have gone just half a town's length out of

their road; in a word, it was an orthodox November evening when Nicholas Klauer sat in his leather-bottomed arm-chair, by a cosy fire-side, with a black cat purring and washing her ears at his feet, and a spacious glass, with nothing in it but a spoon, on the table beside him. His wife—considerate creature!—having quitted him to visit a gossip in the neighbourhood, he had been indemnifying himself for his solitude by a hearty supper, which despatched, he was now, in the true spirit of luxurious *idlesse*, indulging in a variety of vague, listless ruminations; at one moment shaping figures out of the glowing embers on the hearth, and at another speculating on the probability of his escaping the effects of the last mouthful of a delicious *pâté*, which, like many another epicure, he had prevailed on himself to swallow, merely because it was the last.

While thus occupied, a sudden knock at the door roused him from his reveries, and, gently raising himself, he began to consider who the varlet could be that thus dared to disturb an Ingoldstadt burgher in the very midst of his nocturnal devotions. Some people speculate on visitors by their knock, and Nicholas was one of these. His first impression was, that the intruder was no other than his wife, returned unexpectedly to moderate any exuberant felicity he might be indulging in; but the *sang froid* of his cat, who well knew the dreaded rap, convinced him that this could not be the case, and he was in the act of puzzling himself with a variety of conjectures, when, bang! bang! again went the knocker, the bell at the same time ringing, as if it were ringing for a wager.

"Who's there?" cried Nicholas, shuffling and grumbling along the passage, in the not disagreeable consciousness of a good grievance; "Who's there, I say?"

"No matter, let me in."

"No matter! But I tell you it is great matter that I should know who demands admittance into my house at this hour. For aught I know, you may be a thief. There was my neighbour Hans Krackjaw"—

"D—n Hans Krackjaw—let me in."

"Let you in, hey! And, pray, what should I let you in for? You are much better where you are," added Nicholas, in an arch, satirical manner, which had the effect of restoring his good humour, for your slow wag is always pleased when he fancies he has said a smart thing.

"Will you let me in or not?" rejoined the stranger, raising his voice in a most peremptory manner.

"No, I won't."

"You won't."

"No!"

"Then here goes," and so saying, the stranger kept up such a clattering at the

door, now with the knocker, and now with his doubled fist against the panels, that Nicholas, who began to be apprehensive of the effects of this two-fold assault and battery, thought it better to come to terms with him. Accordingly, after cautiously peeping through the key-hole, in order to get some glimpse of the stranger's face or figure, in which, however, he was disappointed by the darkness of the night, he unlocked the door, and let him in; not a little induced thereto by the rain, which now began to descend in torrents; for Nicholas, notwithstanding his self-importance, was, in the main, a well-natured fellow, and would scarcely have refused shelter, even to a poor man, at such a season.

No sooner had the stranger entered, than he moved briskly forward into the parlour, and ensconcing himself in his host's own sacred arm-chair, said, in a chuckling tone,

"How are you, Nick? Disagreeable night this."

"Nick! who told you my name was Nick?" asked the burgher, drawing himself up with an air of grave hauteur.

"Oh, I could not be three days in Ingoldstadt without hearing all about the rich Nicholas Klauer," replied the stranger, with a most courteous inclination of the head.

"True—true. Well, but now that you are in, friend, tell me your business. But before you explain, suppose you quit that arm-chair, and take this," pushing an old, high-backed, mahogany one towards him.

"No, no; let me alone: I am very comfortable where I am."

"Give me my chair," repeated Nicholas, drumming testily with one foot on the floor.

"I shall do no such thing," replied his unabashed visitor.

"By St. Jerome! but you are a cool fellow," said mine host, at the same time taking the vacant seat, and laughing in spite of himself at his visitor's consummate assurance. He would not, however, have submitted so readily to his cavalier behaviour had not the latter's air and manner denoted a character far different from those tame, pacific ones to whom honest Nicholas had so long laid down the law. It seemed to be that of a shrewd, reckless adventurer, who had seen life in all its varieties, and could make himself at home in all companies, utterly careless whether he were welcome or not. He had a grey, piercing eye, ever on the look-out, as if for his landlord's silver spoons; a huge mouth, which seemed made for no other purpose than to perplex a perigord pie: broad, square chest, indicating prodigious personal strength; legs bowed like a parenthesis; and large, red ears, which stood off from either side his head, like the paddle-boxes of a steam-boat. The general expression of his cast-iron countenance was that of

caustic humour; but it was constantly changing, as were also the tones of his voice, which were now arch and sportive, and now harsh and peculiar as those of a Yankee boatswain. His attire presented nothing remarkable, except that he wore a pair of superannuated black shorts, a seedy cocked hat, and pearl-grey stockings, with clocks running up to the calf of his leg. Altogether his look, dress, and bearing, conveyed the idea of a mouldy lawyer on the hunt for a client.

When Nicholas had completed his inspection of this prepossessing biped, which he did in shorter time than I have taken to describe him, he shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Ecod, you're a beauty," and then again demanded to know the reason of his abrupt visit.

"Why, I have come to sup with you, of course," replied the Unbidden Guest.

"But you cannot expect any supper at such a late hour as this."

"Indeed but I do, though."

"Then you are like to be disappointed, friend."

"I think not."

"No matter what you think; the deuce a mouthful will you get in this house to-night, for my servants are all out, and my pantry is empty."

"Pooh, pooh, Master Nicholas. Supper I want, and supper I will have. Why, what are you staring for? Is there anything surprising in a hungry man wanting his supper?"

"But I tell you again, I have got no supper."

"That's a lie, Nick, and you know it."

"Indeed! And, pray, how do you know whether it's a lie or not?" inquired mine host.

"Oh," rejoined the stranger, with a second courteous obeisance, "I could not be three days in Ingoldstadt without hearing all about Nicholas Klauer and his famous virtualling establishment. People hereabouts talk of nothing else, at least where I have been."

"You have said that once before; so I'd thank you to change your tune. I'm not one to be taken in by soft speeches; I am as sick of them as a poor patient of his doctor's bill."

"Hah, hah!" replied the stranger, "that's no like you—you are so droll! Such a wag!"

This well-timed laugh did not come amiss to Nicholas, despite his depreciation of all soft speeches.

The stranger's seasonable chuckle had all the effect that might have been anticipated, for the burgher was so mollified by his prompt appreciation of a good thing, that without more ado he rose from his seat, and hurrying out of the room, returned in a few minutes with the supper apparatus, and placing the items, one by one on the table, desired the

stranger to fall to; while he himself looked on.

And well he might look on, for never since the days of Heliogabalus was there seen such an appetite as this well-featured visitor's. Talk of a pike—a shark—a cormorant—a poet! Why, he would have beaten an alderman, giving him the start of a whole venison pasty! Not less astounding were his faculties of deglution. Could you but have seen him, you would have sworn he was just fresh from a year's browsing on the Great Zaarah, with all the thirst of the desert upon him.

Though himself a superior hand at these matters, yet mine host was a mere child compared to his guest, and as he sat looking on, while the latter's huge mouth kept constantly opening and shutting like a box-door on a benefit-night, his surprise was scarcely less than his admiration, and he began to consider within himself who or what the stranger could be. Was he a travelling juggler, whose trade was eating and drinking for wagers, or some poor scarecrow of a student indemnifying himself for a protracted Lent at the University? Was he a player—was he a pedlar—was he this—was he that—was he the other? A thousand random speculations passed through the burgher's brain, and as he hinted the most plausible of these to his guest, in the hope of drawing him out, he received such curt, dry answers as served still further to mystify him; and at length he had nothing left for it, but to scratch his head and put on that air of uncommon seriousness which is the last resource of men in a state of perplexity.

But though the stranger refused to gratify his host's curiosity, he evidently enjoyed his bewilderment; and filling his glass, for, I verily believe, the twentieth time, drained it at a draught to the health of Nicholas, and then setting it down with the self-satisfied air of a good man who has just fulfilled a sacred duty, said, "What ails you, Nick? you look amazed."

"And no wonder. But, I say, what are you going to do with that ham bone?"

"Swallow it to be sure."

"Swallow it? Mercy on us, what a stomach you must have!"

"Why, what a fuss the man makes about a small ham bone! There was a time, Nick, when you were running a poor, houseless lad about Ingoldstadt, when you would not have turned up your nose even at a ham bone."

Few great men like to be reminded of their past insignificance, and Nicholas was proverbially sensitive on this point. Looking therefore at his guest as savagely as if he could have eaten him, he said,—

"I'd have you to know, friend, that I am a burgher of Ingoldstadt, and will have no freedoms taken with me; so, if you cannot

keep a civil tongue in your head, the best thing you can do will be to quit my house."

" Hah! hah! hah!" replied the unknown, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and uttering a sort of hoarse, imperfect bleat, like a sheep with a sore throat; " you are in a passion, Nick; be calm, I beg, as you value my good opinion."

" Your good opinion! Well, upon my soul, you are, without exception, the most impudent dog I ever set eyes on," said the burgher, more and more puzzled to account for his guest's inexplicable conduct.

" Don't be saucy, Nick, or I shall pull your nose," and before the indignant Nicholas had time to express his opinion of this unparalleled affront, the stranger seized the ham bone, and swallowed it with the same apparent ease with which Ramo Sanee used to swallow a bolster; his host while he witnessed this achievement, giving vent to his wonder in such broken sentences as, " Well, I never"—" Can it be possible?"—" Bless my heart, what a mouthful!"

The table being now fairly cleared, Nicholas began to entertain a hope that his guest would take his departure, and to expedite so desirable a move, he yawned, and threw out hints about its being late, and time for all decent folks to be a-bed. But the stranger either could not, or would not, understand his meaning, whereupon Nicholas was formally proceeding to give him notice to quit, when he was stopped by, " Your ham bone makes a very pretty relish, Master Klauer; but now for serious eating. Where is supper?"

" God help the man, he has just finished it!"

" What, do you call those windy kick-shaws a supper? Nonsense, you must be joking. I am sure, now, you have got some other nice little tit-bit in your snuggery."

" Not an atom of either fish, flesh, or fowl, as I hope to be saved."

" Oh, fie, Nicholas Klauer, fie!"

" What I tell you is the fact; I have not a scrap left in the house, unless," added the burgher with a melancholy smile, " you will try the poker."

" Don't talk in this ridiculous manner, Master Klauer. You know well—for I can see it in your hesitating look—that there is just a paté or two left in your pantry, so go and fetch them. Come, not a word, I will be obeyed;" and the stranger cast such a fierce, menacous glance at his host, that Nicholas, who was of a pacific turn of soul, was actually bullied into submission, though it went to his very heart's core to see the dainties which he had specially put by for the morrow's recreations thus consigned to the all-devouring maw of some anonymous adventurer.

As this last reflection crossed his mind, and he saw his unbidden guest making the

most destructive inroads on the integrity of his darling viands, his own mouth began to water, and at length his epicurean propensities getting the better of him, he burst out with, " Stop, fair play's a jewel; it's my turn now," and made an immediate snatch at the one remaining dainty.

" Why, you greedy brute!" roared the enraged stranger, hurling his cocked-hat at Nicholas's head, " would you have me die of hunger, while that vile, sophisticated paunch of yours is crammed even to suffocation? For shame, Master Klauer, for shame; how can you expect me to call again, if you treat me in this unhandsome manner?" With which words he laid fast hold of the paté, and bolted it, in what Lord Duberley significantly calls " the twinkling of a bed-pole."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, the third city in size in the United States, is not more remarkable for the beauty of its situation and its elegance, than for the taste and enterprise which are among the most distinguishing characteristics of its citizens. It abounds with manufactures and public buildings; its ornamental architecture is a proof of the public spirit and judgment of its inhabitants, and has secured for it the proud title of " the Monumental City."

The chief of the ornaments of Baltimore is the column above represented. It is known as the Washington Monument, is constructed of white marble, and is nearly 170 feet high. Its base is 50 feet square, and 23 feet high, on which is elevated another square of about half the foregoing dimensions. On this is raised a column, 20 feet in diameter at its base, and 14 at the summit, supporting a colossal statue of Washington, said to be the largest that has been sculptured in modern times. It stands on an elevation, a little to the northward of the most thickly inhabited quarter of the city, on a plot of ground presented for the purpose by Colonel John E. Howard, a distinguished officer in the American Revolution, and who, it has been said, as a soldier and patriot, deserved " a statue of gold no less than Grecian or Roman heroes."

Baltimore possesses also another memorial of valour and patriotism, in the Battle Monument, erected to the memory of those, who, on the 12th and 13th of September, 1814, fell gallantly in the defence of this city from the destruction and spoliation with which it was menaced by the enemy. It is an elegant structure of marble, about 55 feet high.

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(The Washington Monument, at Baltimore.)

New Books.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

[The majority of these Sketches have, we believe, appeared in the *Evening and Morning Chronicle*. They are descriptive of every-day life and every-day people, and are, certainly, written with a considerable share of broad humour. Still, we think them either too numerous or too every-day-ish: they want relief, and their incidents border too closely on the commonplace, so as to belong to the slight *it* magazine writing, which can only be said to amuse without any higher effect. This is to be regretted; because sketches such as Boz can write may be pointed with a moral, and made the vehicle of some excellent instruction, and improvement of the heart. Here is too much cockney vulgarity; and the incidents savour too strongly of low London life. We detach a few passages from sketches free from these eccentricities.]

A Condemned Cell at Newgate.

Conceive the situation of a man, spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the

three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual consoler; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupefied, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty Being from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his penitence can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the deathlike stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle, which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! and he paces the narrow limits of his

cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the book which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts still wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lesson in at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room—nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! Two quarters have struck—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left. Tell him not of repentance or comfort. Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

Worn out with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast; he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! And she is looking—not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to do when he loved her—long, long ago, before misery and ill-treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature. And she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does not strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And, oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in that last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again: there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors, and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at *him*! Verdict, "Guilty." No matter; he will escape.

The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained and the broad, wide

country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness, astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses: he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes cold and wretched. The dull grey light of morning is stealing into the cell, and fails upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing; and in two hours more he is a corpse.

The Suburban Garden.

There is a class of men, whose recreation is their garden. An individual of this class resides some short distance from town—say in the Hampstead-road, or the Kilburn-road, or any other road where the houses are small and neat, and have little slips of back garden. He and his wife—who is as clean and compact a little body as himself—have occupied the same house ever since he retired from business twenty years ago. They have no family. They once had a son, who died at about five years old. The child's portrait hangs over the mantelpiece in the best sitting-room, and a little cart he used to draw about is carefully preserved as a relic. In fine weather the old gentleman is almost constantly in the garden; and when it is too wet to go into it, he will look out of the window at it by the hour together. He has always something to do in it, and you will see him digging, and sweeping, and cutting, and messing about, with manifest delight. In spring time there is no end to the sowing of seeds, and sticking little bits of wood over them, with labels, which look like epitaphs to their memory; and in the evening, when the sun has gone down, the perseverance with which he lugs a great watering-pot about is perfectly astonishing. The only other recreation he has is in the newspaper, which he peruses every day, from beginning to end, generally reading the most interesting pieces of intelligence to his wife, during breakfast. The old lady herself is fond of flowers, as the hyacinth-glasses in the parlour window, and geranium-pots in the little front court, testify. She takes a great pride in the garden too; and when one of the four fruit-trees produces rather a larger gooseberry than usual, it is carefully preserved under a wine-glass on the sideboard, for the edification of visitors, who are duly informed that Mr. So-and-so planted the tree which produced it with his own hands. On a summer's evening, when the

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large watering-pot has been filled and emptied some fourteen times, and the old couple have quite exhausted themselves by trotting about, you will see them sitting happily together in the little summer-house, enjoying the calm and peace of the twilight, and watching the shadows as they fall upon the garden, and gradually growing thicker and more sombre, obscure the tints of their gayest flowers—no bad emblem of the years that have silently rolled over their heads, deadening in their course the brightest hues of early hopes and feelings which have long since faded away. These are their only recreations, and they require no more: they have within themselves the materials of comfort and content; and the only anxiety of each is to die before the other. This is no ideal sketch; there *used* to be many old people of this description; their numbers may have diminished, and may decrease still more. Whether the course female education has taken of late days—whether the pursuit of giddy frivolities and empty nothings, has tended to unfit women for that quiet domestic life, in which they show far more beautifully than in the most crowded assembly, is a question we should feel little gratification in discussing: we hope not.

VON RAUMER'S ENGLAND IN 1835.

(Continued from page 240.)

[ONE of the circumstances which must render this work popular is the universal interest attached to its leading topics. There is in it reading for every one, and subjects of every grade: the author alike attacks the threepenny basin of soup in Drury Lane, and that bugbear, our National Debt: he is warmed with the splendour and comfort of Windsor Castle, but refuses to live in Buckingham Palace rent-free: he is charmed with an excursion to Richmond; and he turns even the finery of a birth-day gala to reflective account. In short, the Professor finds good in every thing, to illustrate the high state of social refinement in this country, and its exhaustless resources of wealth and happiness: at the same time he is even-handed in not sparing the foibles or errors of any class of its society. We continue our extract.]

Lloyd's Coffee-house.

At *Lloyd's*, close to the dial which tells the hour, is one still more interesting here, which tells the direction of the wind, and is connected with the weathercock on the roof. Intelligence of the arrivals and departures of ships, of the existence and fate of vessels in all parts of the world; reports from consuls and commissioners resident in every foreign town; newspapers and gazettes from every country, are here to be found, arranged in

such perfect and convenient order, that the entire actual state of the commercial world may be seen in a few minutes, and any of the countless threads which converge to this centre may be followed out with more or less minuteness. The whole earth, or the whole commercial machinery of the earth,—appeared to me to be placed in the hands of the directors of *Lloyd's* Coffee-house.

Mr. N—, whose principal business consists in underwriting, *i. e.*, insuring ships, remarked to me how much there was for them to learn, to know, to reflect, and to decide upon: for example, the ship's build, her lading, the time of year, the place of her destination, &c. How often they are obliged to draw elaborate conclusions from vague and scattered accounts of danger or of safety, and how much might be won or lost according to their decision. It is, he concluded; an incessant, intellectual activity and excitement. Where can any thing like this be found except in London? and how small does every thing else appear in comparison with the magnitude and extent of these operations!

I was in the best disposition in the world to find out and observe all this for myself; but the last remark flung me suddenly into opposition; and I said to myself,—And so, then, these pursuits which, whatever be their vivacity or magnitude, go at last only to split the world into two parts, the debtor and the creditor;—these views, which resolve every thing into questions of distance and of money,—do really embrace the highest possible intellectual activity and excitement! And all former nations and races of men were intellectually poor and contemptible, because they did not devote their whole souls to the business of catching the ships of every sea in the nets of *Lloyd's* Coffee-house, and of pocketing premiums on insurance! And the human mind, then, has attained its widest reach, when it embraces the papers from Hamburg and New York on the one hand, those from the Cape of Good Hope or Calcutta on the other, and the next moment can learn whether or not thievery goes on flourishingly in the rogues' colony of Sydney!

With all the rapidity of an underwriter, I put on my wishing-cap, and transported myself to Naples. When the Neapolitan stretches himself on the shores of his sea of chrysopras, and indolently sucking the crimson pulp of his golden oranges, sees Vesuvius in its glowing and awful magnificence before him, and over his head the eternal blue, would he exchange this "excitement," this enjoyment, for all that *Lloyd's* Coffee-house, all that dingy London, could offer him? And then, turning my arms against myself, I asked, with melancholy and vexation, why I could not be satisfied with my

little hazel-bower, but must run after English "excitements," like a fool.

Commerce has been the grand discoverer and conqueror of the world: it has produced a community of knowledge and of interests, which is invaluable, and which will strengthen the bonds between man and man: but its apparent, boundless extent, all the calculations of latitude and longitude, all the hopes built upon the points of the compass, vanish before one glance into the starry firmament, before one pulse of generous love, may, before one sigh from the breast, which, like Memnon's pillar, responds to the touch of some ray from heaven.

Richmond.

Sunday, April 26th, 1835.

Yesterday, after I had very industriously written letters, I bought a map of the environs of London, studied it, and then drove to Richmond with Mr. and Mrs. T. We went first down Oxford-street, then to the left through Hyde Park, through Kensington and Hammersmith, and past Barnes and Mortlake to our place of destination. The country is, as you may imagine, highly cultivated, and exhibits a universal neatness and elegance. The numerous villas and gardens are very inviting, and often have an Italian air, from the luxuriant ivy and creepers, the balconies, verandas, and the like. Though in Italy, many things are more striking and poetical from the favouring climate, the forms of the hills and mountains, the character of the ground, and the luxuriant vegetation, yet the melancholy observation obtrudes itself, that the proprietor is poor, and that the poetical charm but too often resides in ruins, ancient or modern. It is thus in the neighbourhood of Rome, along the Brenta, and around Venice. Here, on the contrary, every door and window, the most trifling arrangements, show that the greatest care is bestowed on them, and can be bestowed, because wealth is universally diffused.

The Hammersmith Suspension Bridge is a fine and useful work. In whatever depends on mechanical fitness and precision, the English are masters; where taste is required, they seem frequently to confound the merely extraordinary with the poetical, and to prefer the fantastic to the artistic. A very severe judgment may be passed on many of the London buildings; they only produce effect by mass, and by being surrounded with other masses: for example, what an extraordinary *coiffure* is that stuck upon the Mansion House! And where is one to seek the school of architecture in which the man studied who is now constructing those strangest of buildings at Charing Cross? Vicenza, within her narrow walls, contains a greater number of beautiful and stately palaces than are to be found in all gigantic London.

From the terrace at Richmond, the eye wanders, or reposes, with delight over the expanse of country as far as Windsor; and the winding course of the Thames, and the changing lights and shadows of England, increase its variety and beauty. Unfortunately, the weather was extremely cold, which contrasted strangely with the splendour of the bursting spring. The plants seemed as if they would wait no longer, but would defy the unusually long and obstinate winter. Everybody says that such weather at this time of year is quite extraordinary.

English Society.

If I compare English society with that of other countries, many remarks present themselves. If the number of guests exceed three, there is seldom any general conversation; that is to say, I do not see or hear that any individual, whether from talent or from conceit, takes upon himself to lead the conversation, makes himself the prominent person, keeps possession of a particular subject, or battles it out with some other intellectual fencer; people very seldom address themselves farther than to their next neighbour, and the conversation is carried on in so low a voice, that those who sit at a distance can hardly hear it. Subjects of great general interest are, as it seems to me, very seldom subjects of social talk. What an eventful time! A change of ministry! the approaching opening of a new parliament! &c. &c. Not a trace of all this in society: the saying, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, seems not to apply to the English. In days like these, even if their mouths were corked tight and sealed down, the French would have gone off like Champaign bottles; their thoughts and feelings would have forced a way. In parliamentary discussions, the French are very inferior to the English; in social, superior: and I should have learned more, if the English were, in this respect, more like their neighbours. What passes in parliament we get from the papers; but a foreigner is glad to pick up in company the commentaries and additions of individuals. To have to extract every thing by questioning, *tête-à-tête*, is always somewhat disagreeable and "boring."

What is more, eating and drinking seem to produce no effect upon the English. I do not applaud inordinate and boisterous talking after dinner; but that people should be just as cold, quiet, and composed, at the end as at the beginning; that the wine should produce no apparent effect whatever, is too dry and formal for my liking. Perhaps, the old-fashioned tipping was so disgusting, that people now shun the slightest approach to joviality; or, perhaps, sherry and port oppress rather than elevate, and have little power in transforming gloomy fogs into sky-

blue fantasies. In short, I am for the German plan—frank, lively conversation, even though it be a little too long and too loud; light wits and a light heart; and at parting, joyous spirits, and only just mathematics enough to perceive that five is an even number.

The King's Birth-day.

Friday, May 29th.

Although I had gone to bed so late, I was at my writing-table again at seven in the morning, and worked till eleven, when I drove to Kensington to see the Duke of S—. I found him alone, in his dressing gown; and as he began the conversation in German, I naturally continued it in the same language. Thus it lasted for two hours, without a minute's interruption, without those evasive transitions from one subject to another which so often occur, and without descending to insignificant topics. It turned chiefly upon England and her political affairs, or on matters of universal interest. The Duke spoke, of course, like a Whig, and lamented the want not only of just views on the events and circumstances of the times, but even of a knowledge of constitutional law.

From Kensington I walked through the shady gardens to Hyde-park corner, and then turned from the Green Park to St. James's Park and St. James's Palace. I arrived at half-past two, just in time to see the carriages drive up in honour of William IV.'s birth-day. If 1,800 persons, exclusive of those attached to the court, walked past the king in gala-dresses that day, certainly, there were 900 carriages in motion; for, on an average, there were not more than two persons in each. The horses and carriages were brilliant; the servants in all colours, laced and covered with ribands and fringe. They wore breeches and white silk stockings; the footmen had large cocked hats, like those of our military officers; and the coachmen, little, three-cornered hats, under which peeped forth a bobwig. Inside the carriages, too, were wigs of all dimensions; but these attracted my attention less than the women, who appeared in the full splendour of nature and of art. As the procession moved on very slowly, and was obliged to make a halt at every tenth step, I took the liberty of moving on in a parallel line, and of keeping by the side of certain carriages which contained the greatest beauties. There is no opportunity, no company in the world, in which one may stare ladies in the face with so much ease—I might almost say impudence—and for so long a time. This *revue spéciale, unique* in its kind, is a far nobler and more beautiful sight than a *revue spéciale* of soldiers. I tried to figure to myself all their circumstances, and to read the

thoughts of each in her eyes. The persons in the first carriage, who were afraid of being the first, had anxieties of quite a different nature from those of the tall blonde who closed the procession. Which equipage was the most beautiful?—which the least so?—which dress was the richest or the most elegant?—which was the queen of the fair and sumptuous train? An unfortunate hackney coach, with a dirty coachman, and a still more beggarly footboy, had got among these brilliant equipages. Those who were within; whether they were presentables or not, had drawn up the wooden blinds so high that one could not see them. They must have been very uncomfortable; and I was glad that I was on my own legs, in freedom, and not in their place.

When this was all over I went and read at the Atheneum. Just as I was preparing to go away, Mr. M—, the secretary of the club, who makes it his business to oblige every one in every possible manner, called me back, and told me that if I would wait till six o'clock, I should see something which London alone could show. I was least of all in a humour to doubt that to-day; for as I had seen in the Duke of S—a royal prince, and in the train of equipages, an aristocracy, such as exist in no other country in the world, it was now the turn for the democracy. From the balcony of the Atheneum, at the corner of Pall Mall and Waterloo-place, perhaps the handsomest part of London, I saw crowds of people, horsemen and carriages of all sorts; troops of children, with flowers and flags, incessantly shouting, "God save the King!" and so forth. But it was not only this that Mr. M— had invited me to see: it was more particularly the procession of all the London mail-coaches; for they also had been to give their huzza to the king, and passed by here on their return. At last, the long-expected train arrived;—the coachman sitting on the box, the guard behind outside, both dressed in new suits of scarlet, and ornamented with flowers and ribands. Inside the brightly-varnished coaches sat their wives, daughters, or friends—a parody on the fashionable ladies. I was too far off to institute a comparison between the aristocracy and the democracy; but the superb horses and the excellent harness made a great impression on me. Such a splendid display of carriages-and-four as these mail coaches and their horses afforded, could not be found, or got together, in all Berlin. It was a real pleasure to see them in all the pride and strength which, half an hour later, was to send them in every direction, with incredible rapidity, to every corner of England. The improvements in our administration of the post are certainly very great, and, in many respects, our coaches are more convenient than these; but, com-

pared with the countless host of these magnificent horses, the German ones are miserable Rosinantes.

Dined at eight; hastened home; dressed for a second time, and then went out to look at the illuminations in a few of the streets. The usual device was, "W. R." and a crown, and only a few about St. James's Street and Waterloo Place were rendered splendid and beautiful by coloured lamps and moving gas-lights; the greater number of houses and streets remained unilluminated; nevertheless, the crowd was enormous, and, in some places, indeed dangerous; so that I thanked God when I got away from the bright spots into darkness.

When I went to the Marquis of L——'s, at half-past eleven, there were but few people in the spacious and beautiful rooms, so that I was able to enjoy undisturbed the delight of looking at the remarkably fine statues. They were admirably lighted from above, and had a beautiful effect against the red velvet background of the niches. The gallery and drawing-rooms filled gradually, and I was enabled to continue my observations of the morning. The gentlemen were, to-day, chiefly in scarlet uniforms; some were in embroidered court-dresses, with bag-wigs fastened to the collar of the coat. The ladies were more attractive than the gentlemen; they were generally dressed in white silk, or in other materials of the finest kind, and of that colour. Only two or three older ones had hats or other head-dresses; a very few had caps, if so one may call such light, transparent head-dresses. White satin shoes, stockings, so thin or so coloured that the feet appeared naked. None *coiffées à la Chinoise*, but with the forehead uncovered, and long ringlets hanging down to the neck; some with shorter curls, or with the hair braided. At the back of the head were edifices of hair of various kinds, and in these the feathers were fastened. Five or six of the youngest of the ladies had nothing on the head; the others, old and young, wore a number of white ostrich feathers, fastened in the manner I have described. Here and there, as an exception, was seen a blue, red, or yellow feather: in front was a diadem, a flower, or an ornament of the most sparkling brilliants.

Notes of a Reader.

BALLADS.—FROM THE FOURTH EDITION OF ROOKWOOD.*

The Legend of the Lime-tree Branch.

AMID the grove, o'er arched above with lime-trees old and tall
(The avenue that leads unto the Rookwood's ancient hall),

High o'er the rest its towering crest one tree rears to the sky,

* Quoted in a Panegyric, in Fraser's Magazine.

And wide out flings like mighty wings its arms unbraeconously.

Seven yards its base would scarce embrace, a goodly tree, I ween,
With silver bark and foliage dark of melancholy green;

And 'mid its boughs two ravens house, and build from year to year,—
Their black brood hatch, their black brood watch, then, screaming, disappear.

In that old tree when playfully the summer breezes sigh,
Its leaves are stirred, and there is heard a low and plaintive cry;
And when in shrieks the storm-blast speaks its reverbered boughs among,
Sad wails and moans, like human groans, the concert harsh prolong.

But whether gale or calm prevail, or cloud the wekin skin,

By age unripened, by storm unclipped, that tree will shed a limb;

Aye, soon or late, when worms await a Rookwood in the tomb,
That lime will launch a fatal branch, stern harbinger of doom.

Some think the tree instinct must be with preternatural power,

Like 'Iarum bell Death's note to knell at Fate's appointed hour!

Some deem its trunk man's gore hath drunk, for traces there are seen
Red as the stains from human veins commingling with the green.

But, without doubt, all round about that lime-tree's rifted bark

A print is made where fiends have laid their scathing talons dark!

A raven calls three times e'er falls the death-foretelling bough,

And each shrill cry doth signify what space the fates allow!

In olden days, the legend says, as grim Sir Ranulph viewed

A wretched hag her footsteps drag beneath his lonely wood,—

His blood-hounds twain he called amain, and straight way gave her chase,

Nor greenwood tree did ever see so fierce, so fleet a race!

With eyes of flame to Ranulph came each red and ruthless hound,

While mangled, torn (a sight forlorn!) the hag lay on the ground;

For that weird wench he dug a trench, and limb and reeking bone

Within the earth, with ribald mirth, un-Christian like were thrown.

And while as yet the soil was wet with that weird witch's gore,

A lime-tree stake did Ranulph take, and pierced her bosom's core;

And, strange to tell! what next befell—the staff at once took root,

And, richly fed within its bed strong suckers forth did shoot!

From year to year fresh boughs appear—it waxes huge in size,—

And with wild glee this prodigy the grim Sir Ranulph spies:

One day when Isid beneath that shade reclined he in his pride,

A branch was found upon the ground—and the third day he died!

So from that hour a fatal power has ruled that wizard tree,

To all his line a warning sign of doom and destiny!

For when beneath (token of death) a broken branch is cast,

Ere the sun rise thrice in the skies a Rookwood breathes his last!

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A Chapter of Highwaymen.

Or every rascal of every kind,
The most notorious to my mind
Was the royalist captain, gay JEMMY HIND !

Which nobody can deny.

But the pleasantest coxcomb among them all
For lute, coranto, and madrigal,

Was the galliard Frenchman, CLAUDE DU VAL !

Which nobody can deny.

Yet Toby gloak never a coach could rob,
Could lighten a pocket or empty a fob,

With a neater hand than OLD MOB, OLD MOB !

Which nobody can deny.

Nor did housebreaker ever deal harder knocks
On the stubborn lid of a good strong box
Than that prince of good fellows, TOM COX, TOM COX !

Which nobody can deny.

And blither fellow on broad highway
Did never with oath bid traveller stay
Than devil may-care WILL HALLOWAY !

Which nobody can deny.

Then in roguery naught could exceed the tricks
Of GETTINGS and GREY, and the five or six
Who trod in the steps of bold NEDDY WICKS !

Which nobody can deny.

Nor could any so handily break a lock
As SHEPPARD, who stood on the Newgate dock,
And nicknamed the gaolers around him, " his flock ! "

Which nobody can deny.

Nor did highwayman ever before possess
For ease, for security, danger, distress,
Such a mare as DICK TURPIN'S Black Bess, Black Bess !

Which nobody can deny.

The Corpse-Candle.

Through the midnight gloom did a pale blue light
To the churchyard mink wing its lonesome flight ;
Thrice it floated those old walls around,
Thrice it paused—till the grave it found.

Over the grass-green sod it glanced,
Over the fresh-turned earth it danced,
Like a torch in the night-breeze quivering,—
Never was seen so gay a thing !

Never was seen so merry a sight
As the midnight dance of that pale, blue light !

Now what of that pale, blue flame dost know ?
Caust tell where it comes from, or where it will go ?

Is it the soul, released from clay,
Over the earth that takes its way,
And taries a moment, in mirth and glee,

Where the corpse it hath quitted interred shall be ?
Or is it the trick of some fanciful sprite,
That taketh in mortal mischance delight,
And marketh the road the coffin shall go,

And the spot where the dead shall be soon laid low ?

Ack him who can answer these questions aright ;

I know not the cause of that pale, blue light !

The Scampsman.

There is not a king, should you search the world round,

So blithe as the king of the road to be found ;
His pistol's his sceptre, his saddle's his throne,

Whence he levies supplies or enforces a loan.

Derry-down.

To this monarch the highway presents a field
Where each passing subject a tribute must yield ;
His palace—the tavern—receives him at night,
Where sweet lips and sound liquor crowd all with delight.

Derry-down.

The soldier and sailor, both robbers by trade,
Full soon on the shelf, if disabled, are laid ;
One gets a patch, and the other a pog,
But, while luck lasts, the highwayman shakes a loose leg !

Derry-down.

Most fowls rise at dawn, but the owl wakes at o'clock,
And a jollier bird can there no where be seen ;
Like the owl, our snug Scampsman his snooze takes
by day,
And when night draws her curtain sends after his prey !

Derry-down.

As the highwayman's life is the fullest of zest,
So the highwayman's death is the briefest and best ;
He dies not as other men die—*by degrees*,—
But at once, without wincing, and quite at his ease !

Derry-down.

CHANGE IN COMMERCE.

By the late Thomas Walker, Esq.

I HAVE by tradition the following particulars of the mode of carrying on the home trade by one of the principal merchants of Manchester, who was born at the commencement of the last century, and who realized a sufficient fortune to keep a carriage when not half a dozen were kept in the town by persons connected with business. He sent the manufactures of the place into Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and the intervening counties, and principally took in exchange feathers from Lincolnshire, and malt from Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire. All his commodities were conveyed on pack-horses, and he was from home the greater part of every year, performing his journeys entirely on horseback. His balances were received in guineas, and were carried with him in his saddle-bags. He was exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to great labour and fatigue, and to constant danger. In Lincolnshire he travelled chiefly along bridle-ways through fields, where frequent gibbets warned him of his perils, and where flocks of wild fowl continually darkened the air. Business carried on in this manner required a combination of personal attention, courage, and physical strength, not to be hoped for in a deputy ; and a merchant then led a much more severe and irksome life than a bagman afterwards, and still more than a traveller of the present day. Competition could but be small ; but the returns from the capital were not so high in reality as in appearance, because the wages of labour ought to be deducted, and probably the same exertion now would produce from the same beginnings ten times the fortune. The improvements in the mode of carrying on commerce, and its increase, may be attributed in a great degree to the increased facility of communication, and the difference between the times I have alluded to, and the present, is nearly as great as that between a pack-horse and a steam-carriage. What will be the progress fifty years hence defies calculation. I lately heard a striking instance of the advantages of steam in towing vessels. An Indian used sometimes to lie at Blackwall six weeks before she could get to Gravesend, because she had to wait for the combi-

nation of spring tides and a favourable wind. Now the same sized vessel could get down with certainty in three hours.

Before I conclude this article, I will relate, that in the earlier days of the merchant above-mentioned, the wine merchant, who supplied Manchester, resided at Preston, then always called Proud Preston, because exclusively inhabited by gentry. The wine was carried on horses, and a gallon was considered a large order. Men in business confined themselves generally to punch and ale, using wine only as a medicine, or on very extraordinary occasions; so that a considerable tradesman somewhat injured his credit amongst his neighbours, by being so extravagant as to send to a tavern for wine even to entertain a London customer. Before Preston itself existed, in the time of the Romans the only port in Lancashire was a few miles higher up the river Ribble, and was called Rerigonum, of which there is now scarcely any, or no trace. If I rightly recollect my reading, the chief exports to Rome consisted of willow baskets, bull-dogs, and slaves. Rerigonum was the Liverpool of the present day.—*The Original.*

The Gatherer.

English Cookery is by no means agreeable, as everybody is obliged to bite and chew twice as much as in France, Italy, and Germany, which is trying enough to young teeth; but utter destruction to older masticators.—*Von Raumer.*

Sunday Child.—The Germans give the name of Sunday child to one born on a Sunday, and particularly on one of those which they call "golden Sundays," i. e. the quater-day days. Such a child is superstitiously believed to be able to discern spirits, and is destined to be peculiarly happy.

The Tower of London—that great scaffold of bygone ages, how mild and humane does it appear! Its former laws, engraven with the sword, now very politely inform the stranger, that there is no design of taking his life, but merely his shillings.—*Von Raumer.*

Matter and Mind.—We extol and admire the latest productions of our days—railroads and warehouses, power-looms and steam-engines. But what is the distinctive mark of their tendency?—that they provide for the body, and that their object is gain. The men of the dark ages, on the contrary, founded astonishing institutions, disinterestedly, without a view to external advantages, and only for the mind. Undoubtedly, it may be said of cotton and iron, that they influence the mind, and that the body is never entirely separated from the mind; but *mens agitat*

molem—it ought to be the director and ruler, not the servant and follower.—*Ibid.*

A Gentleman.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion—but in the MIND. A high sense of honour—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings—are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman.—From *Hints on Etiquette* (just published); a sensible and clever brochure, which, from its title, must not be confounded with the trumpery twelvepenny-worths placarded in the streets.

The Queen of Louis XV. was immoderately fond of cards, and was never, perhaps, more delighted than when M. de Maurepas, on the occasion of the death of a monarch in alliance with France, declared to her Majesty that "Piquet was not obliged to go into mourning."—*Morning Herald*.

Canine Fidelity.—In the Lower Town of Brussels, there is a remarkable instance of attachment existing at present in the case of a French poodle, who attracts a great deal of attention by repairing every day to the Hotel de Ville, and lying down before the entrance, appearing to wait anxiously for the approach of some person. It is said that, during some tumults, the owner of the dog was accidentally killed near the spot, and the poor animal ever since has taken this mode of testifying his grief.

Force of Imagination.—A gentleman afflicted with tooth-ache, one day imagined, that while tying up a Tomato plant in his garden, he found relief. On his next attack, he repaired to the plant, crushed some of the leaves, and inhaled the smell; when, strange to say, he declared himself immediately cured. In some parts of the country, people afflicted with scrofula or erysipelas consider an application of the bruised leaves of house-leek as a specific remedy. A.C.R.

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Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

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